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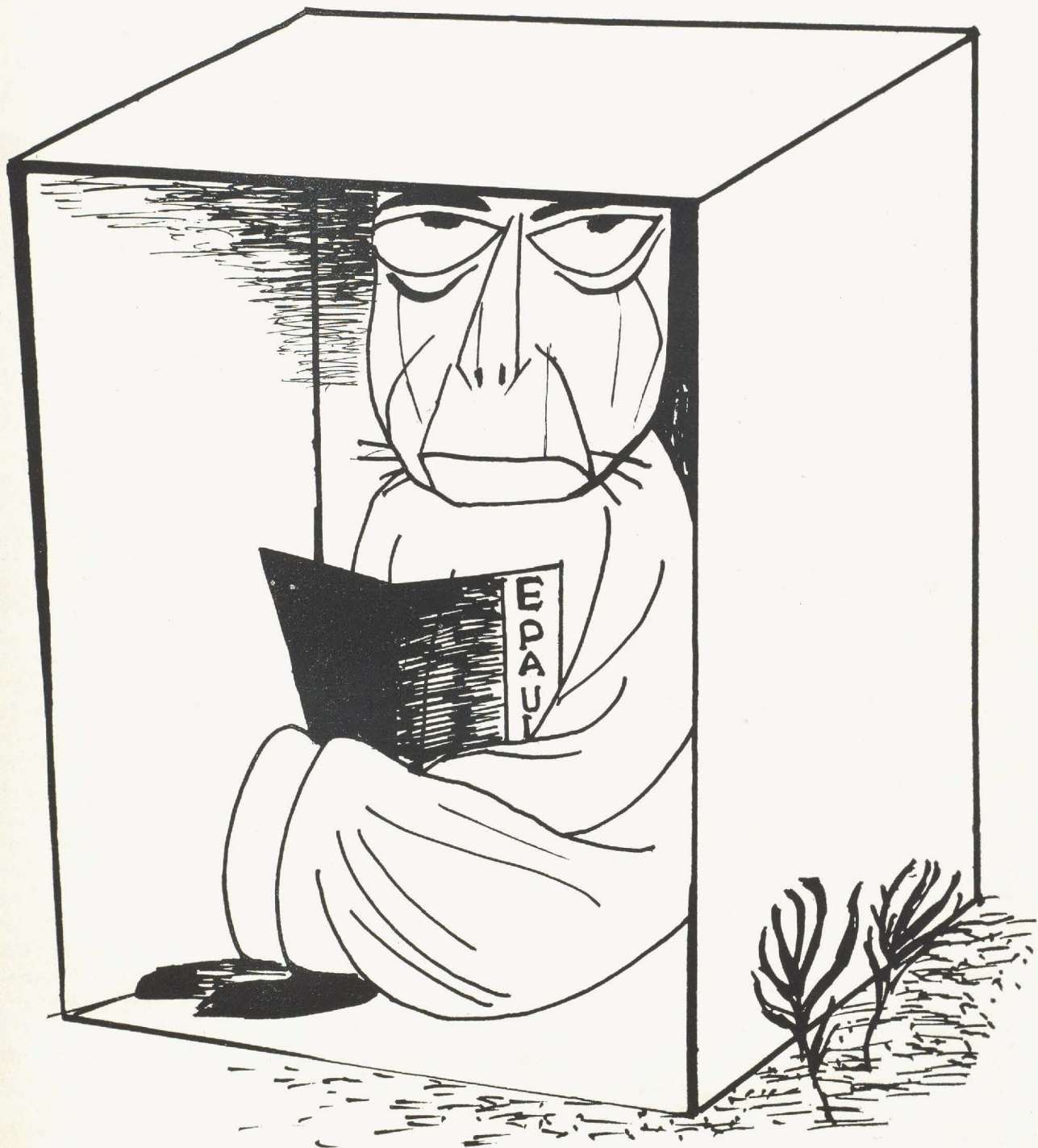
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WE HATE EDITORIALS

Loadstone

Number 19 wasn't anywhere in sight. Maybe it wouldn't come. After all maybe it wouldn't come and Mother had said it would come, but maybe it wouldn't come after all. Mother had said it would come at six, but it was nearly six by the clock of four faces at the bank corner. Iris had watched the hand since five-thirty. Every time it moved it was like being scared in the dark. Just when she thought it wasn't working, that she wouldn't have any way of knowing whether the street car should be there because it was six o'clock, the hand would bump clumsily up another notch. And now it was five notches to the twelve mark and the street car hadn't come yet. Every time she thought it was number 19 it wasn't. The cars came from two blocks down and she could see 19 Ninth Street from all the way those two blocks away. Then she wouldn't look because it might change while she was looking and wouldn't be 19 Ninth Street but 18 North Shore. If she didn't look until it came then she would be happy because it was her 19, and if it was 18 North Shore even after she had seen 19 on it from two blocks away, then she wouldn't have to watch while the other car came rolling ever so slowly down the tracks hiding the loop so that she couldn't watch for 19 again. She could still hear the last number 18 North Shore whining down the tracks, hitting the cross wires with the pole on top and she looked to see if blue sparks flew away from it. The sparks were beginning to look like night and she looked to see if the clock had moved a notch. It still hadn't moved. It was broken and she would never know when it was six o'clock and her car was supposed to be there. It was broken and she couldn't know. She'd run down to the next corner and look at the face near the sidewalk.

Picking up the tattered cardboard suitcase she ran with it beating against her knobby little knees wishing half of her were back there watching to see if 19 was coming. The other face said six and she could already hear the car back there at the corner where she ought to be waiting for it, wheezing as its door rattled down and it flushed out the passengers, and even as she pressed her long tired legs back she could hear the door folding back up and the car bumping off without her. But 19 came just as she got back and the clock face visible from the stop said six o'clock. Iris reached down in the brown oxfords inside the socks that had slid over her heel, found one of the six tokens for thirty cents, and bounded into the car.

There was a place by the window and Iris got into it, squeezing up tightly against the glass. She looked at the cane mesh in the chair until she saw a straight line alongside her in the weave and then she pulled her skirt on her side of the line. She liked to be small and not take up much room. That's one thing she was, skinny. They said so at home. But she liked to be small. She liked small children. Sometimes, like now, she'd sit far back in the seat so her shoes didn't touch the floor and she felt small then. Like the little boy across the aisle next to his mother nodding sleepily with the bright colored windmill in his small fist. If she were standing as she did many Thursdays on dancing lesson days, she would arch her back so her dress would go out in the front like the full-skirted smocks of other children she had seen. They wore pretty dresses and shiny patent leather Mary Janes every day. But today she had gotten a seat and there weren't many seats left. The car was coming to the next stop and Iris found another line in the mesh, narrowing her seat still further, and an-

other portentous scale formed in her mind just as it had again and again when she'd watched to see if it was 19 or 18 coming up the tracks. If no one sat by her there wasn't any God, but when the ladies with the embroidered shopping bags found other seats, Iris set the balance for the next stop. And each time no one sat in the wide seat beside her she felt the stricken in her throat as her God teetered precariously with the weight of the shopping bags that had passed her by. She'd keep her eyes straight ahead until they burned with the conscious position so that she wouldn't have to meet the condemning sea of eyes around her that said, "No one wants to sit beside you. You have long skinny legs, the bone knots ugly at the knees, and your hair goes in shabby, sunburnt strings." The first time she'd known about her hair was when she'd gone with Mrs. Laurel to the Convention of Dancers of the State of Georgia. Mrs. Laurel called her her little prima ballerina, mussed her hair when she'd gotten twenty tours in toe dancing and Iris would have to pray every night because she loved Mrs. Laurel more than her mother. That was when she'd stopped kneeling by her bed for prayers and whispering Now-I-Lay-Me, when she had had to talk to God about Mrs. Laurel. At first she had pressed her ribs against the side board of the bed rocking up on her knees so that it hurt but she still thought about Mrs. Laurel just the same and she knew that God could see all her thoughts. That night at the Convention when she'd done her twenty tours and the two of them . . . Rennie, who was Mrs. Laurel's round little girl who played Pierette in the adagio with her . . . they'd gone to bed. That's when it was that Mrs. Laurel had come in like she had the night before to pull the quilt up tightly under their chins. Iris had pre-

BY M. F. TREADWELL

tended she was asleep and hoped the hall light didn't show how her lids were jiggling. Mrs. Laurel had said to the piano teacher, "Can't anything be done with that child's hair?" Her voice had been tired and cruel and there had been no gentle laughter in it. Iris had stopped breathing and when the footsteps went down the hall, the breath had choked up though she'd pushed it back with all her might.

Dancing lessons were not the happy times anymore. Iris still did twenty tours and she'd gotten elevations landing on her toes for the hunter's scene in the recital but she could feel all the more now how the toe slippers were not a fit. There was not enough room for the lamb's wool and the toes at the same time and the box had broken down in the shoes. They had got them second hand for her. Her Mom always said how they were living beyond their means. That's how it was at home. Everything was beyond their means. Iris' grandmother gave her the dancing lessons and her big sister piano lessons and her mother said it was beyond their means. But her mother still was very happy when she did well in dancing, as happy as Iris could call her mother happy. Every two weeks it was pay day and her mother never got anything for herself. She said so all the time and it was true. Her shoes were run over at the heels and the house dresses had new holes in them all the time beside the patched places. Iris would come home from school and her mother would be there ironing or pulling clothes out of the old Easy washer. And Iris knew that they didn't know whether there'd be a penny from one day into the next. On pay days the bills took all the money, and sometimes the car went wrong and Daddy'd say that he didn't know where it went to and Mother'd say, "Honey, you know I

don't spend a penny on myself." Sometimes Daddy would come home and leave the table when the meat didn't cut and Iris was afraid for some reason. It seemed to be she was afraid because Daddy was angry, because there wasn't enough money from one day into the next, and because the house was never in order though Mother worked from dawn until dusk trying to keep it in order. Still the kitchen floor was gritty when she walked on it barefoot and the dressers piled up with things Mother had started to sew and hadn't gotten to finish. She always thought of clean linoleum on the kitchen floor at the same time she thought of the Mary Jane patent leather shoes. There was the garden out back too that Mother had worked right along with Daddy to clear, and sometimes there would be aphids on the red blisses when they dug them up or the frost would get the tomatoes when they'd just gotten round and big. The chickens in the back too sometimes made a big bill; their tail feathers would start to come out and make them molt, not lay enough eggs to pay for the mash and corn they ate every day. Iris was often afraid about these things in her house. And there was her grandmother who made molasses candy for the neighborhood gang on a summer's afternoon. Everyone got a ball of warm molasses to pull into long golden candy. She gave dancing lessons and talked proudly to the church ladies about how well Iris danced and the ladies would sometimes come to Iris and her sister when Grandmother stayed home with a migraine and say they bet they knew who gave them the lovely dresses. Even though it was the dotted swisses Mother had made with the smocking and the rose buds worked by hand, they bet it was Grandmother who had bought them. Mother had made the car bump and

hadn't spoken about what the girls had learned in Sunday School when Iris' sister had told her about the ladies. As long as Iris could remember she felt somehow afraid about things in her house. Though it hurt her toes and she didn't really have a natural arch in her foot like Rennie, she felt somehow that if she danced well she helped things at her house. If the house lived beyond its means then she worked beyond her means. There was no such definition in the ten-year-old reasoning, but had there been, it would have been the one excess banked against the other.

Now as she walked the three blocks home from the car line, the balances flew away, the wind caught her dancing tunic, and the taxed little legs found a rhythm in it all their own. If they had knobs for knees, then the more to bank against the rushing air that brought the tea kettle smell of rain on it, and, if her hair was shaggy, sunburned, then the more points of contact when the wind blew it against her face. It was a clean wind that tapped a hidden reservoir of motion. Iris felt the hard oyster shells of the road surface through the oxford soles as her toes gripped the earth with each step. There was no worry over the awkward splay her mother said was coming from practicing first position and she strode easily. Down the road the collie of the doctor from across the street stretched and sniffed the air. The wind cut a part down his honey coat, Iris pursed her lips in a shrill whistle. When he continued to point his muzzle into the wind, she swung the suitcase over her shoulders and ran toward him. She tossed the bag on her own lawn and sprang before the collie that had drawn his ears flat against his head and now stood waiting for her, pawing restlessly. Iris wheeled and raced down the street to the lot

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THE

CHARACTERS

Rosemary ----- librarian
Elly ----- librarian and friend to Jan Stevens
Jan Stevens
Beverly Thomas ----- Dick's sister

The scene takes place in the office of Jan Stevens in the public library in a large city. At rise Rosemary and Eleanor, two librarians, are busy bringing in some new books.

Rosemary: Are these the last books, Elly?

Elly: Yes, Rosemary, they are.

Rosemary: I hate unloading books. Jan knows where she wants them. I wish she could have done it.

Elly: She had that appointment with the City Oil man. She is certainly getting the offer of a lifetime.

Rosemary: Why couldn't I have been the one to do that research on City Oil? What kind of a job are they offering her?

Elly: I'm not sure but I think it's something to do with public relations. She promoted so much good will by her article that they think she could do a lot of good for them.

Rosemary: I don't see how with her personality.

Elly: You're jealous. She's a good kid.

Rosemary: The only thing she is is a recluse and a bore.

Elly: I don't think you're being fair. She's had a tough life.

Rosemary: So have I, but I'm not crying. So the guy she loves died. He's been dead almost a year. Okay it's hard but she has to get over it sometime. Nobody ever loved me.

Elly: And you've never gotten over that. She and Dick waited years until he had the money to support her in the way to which she was accustomed, and then, just the day before her wedding some maniac of a driver—

Rosemary: I know the details. So the former activities leader of the town drops her social life, and takes this stinking job in a library. She couldn't have picked anything more morbid.

Elly: It's as morbid as you make it. I love my job.

Rosemary: Well, I hate it. If I could make half the money in something else, anything else, I'd take it. Why do you always have to side with the socialite, Miss Stevens?

Elly: Jan's a nice girl, Rosemary. What did she ever do to you? She's very quiet now. She never bothers you.

Rosemary: Her and her rich society friends—or should I say ex-friends. She's sure lost them all by now. I remember seeing all those articles about her in the paper. When her engagement announcement came out, you'd have thought the President of the United States was marrying the Queen of England.

Elly: But what reason do you have for not liking her?

Rosemary: Shes got money. That's reason enough. Oh, I've got other reasons. Did you ever see her smile? And the way she creeps around here scares the life out of me.

Elly: The only time I ever saw you smile was when you played a dirty trick on someone.

Rosemary: Oh lay off. What time is Jan supposed to be back?

Elly: She should have been back ten minutes ago.

Rosemary: If she had been back when she was supposed to we wouldn't have to be doing her work. I

hope she gets that job and clears out of here.

Elly: Rosemary, you know I only tell you things for your own good—well—Mr. Sloan has been watching you, and it isn't because he wants to give you a raise. Yesterday he heard you swear at Mr. Van Hoff. I thought Mr. Sloan would die of shock.

Rosemary: I thought Van Hoff would. I wish they both had. Don't worry yourself about my losing my job. So what if I do? There are a lot of better jobs.

Elly: What's the use!

Rosemary: I bet they offer Jan some real money, and not the peanuts we get here.

Elly: She deserves a break.

Rosemary: Why? Because lover boy Dickie's dead? I bet she never really loved him.

Elly: How can you say that? You should have seen the way she took the news. I was at her house when she found out. At first she couldn't believe it. It was even worse when she realized it. She was completely hysterical. I think she went out of her mind for a little while. I asked her if there were anything I could do. She screamed, "What can you do. What can anyone do now? It's too late. You don't really care, though. You didn't love him." Then she grabbed her coat and ran out of the house. She didn't come back for six hours. She looked like a ghost. I'll never forget it. I could never go through anything like that again.

Rosemary: I'm touched. So she drops her friends, her social life —

SHELL

By Susan Mary Canter

her whole life. So the debutante decides to work in a library. Well she certainly picked the right job because she never wanted to see people again. Why did she have to pick *this* library?

Elly: I got her the job.

Rosemary: You? I ought to kill you, too. (Door opens. Jan enters.)

Jan: Good morning.

Rosemary: (*Gives Jan a dirty look*). See you later Elly.

Elly: (*Watches her leave*) How did it go, Jan?

Jan: They offered me the job. It pays twice as much as this one. Of course the money doesn't matter to me.

Elly: What's the job like?

Jan: (*Lights cigarette*) Well, I'd have to travel a lot, and meet and talk to lots of people. I'd be with the public relations department. They pay my expenses. I'm to pave the way for the business manager before he brings the clients. It seems that I've become a national figure. They think the public wants to meet me.

Elly: Oh, Jan, that's wonderful!

Jan: They think the public would consider me not a member of the City Oil organization, but a free and independent judge of that company as compared with others. They'd accept my opinion as to the dependability of the company.

Elly: When do you start?

Jan: I don't.

Elly: What do you mean?

Jan: I thanked them very much for the offer, and turned them down. Look, don't stand there with your mouth open—

Elly: But why?

Jan: I took this job to get away from people. If I take that job, I'll have to mix with them, and I don't want to. (*Looks at the books.*) Are these the new books?

Elly: Yes. Rosemary and I unloaded them.

Jan: Thank you. Were there any messages?

Elly: Mrs. Gray called to ask if "You Never Can Tell" by Susan Palmer was in yet, and Beverly Thomas called.

Jan: Beverly Thomas — Dick's sister. What did she want? Did she say? What's she doing in town?

Elly: I don't know. Miss Perkinson took the message. She's coming over to see you.

Jan: She's a wonderful girl. I can't wait to see her. You'll like her.

Elly: I already do. I've known her for years. We went to the same college. I haven't seen her since she came back to town for Dick's funeral. We had a long talk then. She was quite worried about you.

Jan: Why?

Elly: Because you were so lost in your grief. She didn't like the idea of your working here.

Jan: Why? She didn't object to your working here, did she?

Elly: No, but my reason for working in a library was quite different from yours. I have always liked books and reading. I meet a lot of people, and I've made a lot of friends. You took a job here so that you wouldn't meet any people, never see any. You were never interested in books, only in your social life—and Dick.

Jan: (*Fiercely*) So my interests have changed!

Elly: Easy, Jan! (Door opens and Rosemary enters.)

Rosemary: Are you two going to talk or work all day? I'll be darned if I'm going to do all the work while you two sit —

Elly: Okay, Rosemary.

Rosemary: Well, come on, then.

Old man Van Hoff is here, and he wants *you* to help him. He won't even speak to me since I swore at him yesterday. I hardly ever swear. He just imagined it. He has the biggest imagination I ever ran into. Come on. (Elly leaves. Rosemary starts to leave but turns back.) Say how did you make out with the interview?

Jan: They offered me a job, a good one, too. I turned it down.

Rosemary: You turned it down? You would. Why?

Jan: I like it here.

Rosemary: It's your life. Ruin it. (*Opens door.*)

Elly: (*Voices heard off stage*): Hello, Bev, how are you?

Bev: Just fine, Elly. How have you been?

Elly: Fine. It's so good to see you. You look wonderful.

Bev: Thanks.

Elly: You want to see Jan, don't you?

Bev: Yes. Where can I find her?

Elly: Right in there. (Door opens and Bev enters.)

Jan: Beverly Thomas!

Bev: Hello, Jan.

Jan: What are you doing in town?

Bev: I came in for Kay Dawn's wedding.

Jan: Oh, yes. I got an invitation.

Bev: Are you going?

Jan: No. I don't care for weddings.

Bev: I didn't think you'd be going to the wedding. I stopped by for a little talk.

Jan: What about?

Bev: You.

Jan: (*Notices that Rosemary has not left the room, but is listening intently to every word.*) Rosemary, would you please close the door — and stand on the other side of it?

Rosemary: It probably wouldn't
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The Shell

(Continued from Page 5)

have been any good anyhow. (She leaves and closes door.)

Jan: Sit down Bev.

Bev: Thanks.

Jan: Are you sure you want to talk about me? I'm sure that you could find a much more interesting subject.

Bev: You always have been and you always will be interesting to me. Jan, I got to know you pretty well when you went with Dick. I got to like you, too. I don't want to see you keep ruining your life like this.

Jan: What do you mean?

Bev: You're young, Jan. Dick died, but you didn't. You know that Dick would want you to go on as if nothing had happened. He never liked to see you alone, and he wouldn't like it now. This job isn't for you.

Jan: I like it.

Bev: Do you really, Jan? I don't think that you really do. You were always happiest when you were with a lot of people.

Jan: Now I'm happiest when I'm alone. People change.

Bev: Of course they do. If you wanted a change, you've had enough of it. Don't you think it's time to change again?

Jan: What are you getting at, Bev?

Bev: I heard that you were offered a job with City Oil.

Jan: Word travels fast.

Bev: I want to congratulate you. Have they given you the formal offer yet?

Jan: Yes, this morning.

Bev: Wonderful. You deserve it. My fiance works with the company. That's how I found out about it. He's with the N. Y. branch. Jan, I can be honest with you, can't I? We're close enough that we can say anything to each other.

Jan: Yes.

Bev: What I'm trying to say is

that I'm afraid it is going to be a real effort for you to be the kind of person City Oil needs for this job. You've been away from people for so long that it is going to be hard for you to mix with them again. Just give yourself a chance, Jan. I know you can do it. You've gone into a shell, and now's the time for you to come out of it.

Jan: (Surprised) I'm not in a shell.

Bev: Yes you are. You don't even realize it.

Jan: Dick's dead, Bev. How can I go on as if nothing had happened?

Bev: Dick was my brother, Jan. I loved him very much. We were much closer than the average brother and sister. He's gone now. I miss him very much. He's not coming back. That's your trouble, Jan. You think he will. You won't face reality.

Jan: Now you're getting ridiculous.

Bev: No, I'm not. I'm telling you the truth. We've all tried to help you, Jan. We've been kind and patient, but now I'm getting mad. When are you going to stop leaning on us and stand up by yourself? Now's your chance.

Jan: How?

Bev: With this job. It's the best thing that happened to you since Dick died.

Jan: Forget about the job, Bev. I refused it.

Bev: What do you mean, you refused it.

Jan: I thanked them very much and told them that I didn't want it, that it would not be convenient at this time—or at any other time.

Bev: It wouldn't be convenient? Are you crazy? You said before that people change. They do, but not as violently as you have. You used to be a sweet kid, but now —. You know, in a way I'm glad that Dick is dead. Now he can't see the selfish, egotistical, ungrateful girl he almost married.

Jan: Really, Bev, the job isn't that important.

Bev: Yes, it is. Elly and I and all

your friends realize how important it is. It's the start for you—the right start. But you don't care. You won't help yourself. It's no wonder that you and Rosemary don't get along. You're almost exactly alike! You're getting to be just like her. I'm going to the wedding now. It's too stuffy in here for me. Please, Jan, think about what I've told you. (Turns in doorway and looks back at her) I don't know what changed you, Jan, but Dick wouldn't like it.

Jan: Goodbye, Bev.

Bev: Goodbye. (She leaves)

Jan: (Sits down in a chair with her head in her hands) Dick wouldn't like it. Dick wouldn't like it. (Cries softly) (Eleanor enters).

Elly: Jan.

Jan: Oh, I'm sorry.

Elly: Don't apologize. You'd be much better off if you cried more often, instead of keeping it inside you.

Jan: Bev left.

Elly: I know. I said goodbye to her.

Jan: Did she tell you what she said to me?

Elly: No.

Jan: Didn't she say anything about it?

Elly: No. Did you two have a fight or something?

Jan: No. Not really. Elly, will you tell me the truth if I ask you a few questions?

Elly: Of course.

Jan: Elly, have I changed much? I mean from the way I was a year ago?

Elly: Well, you're much quieter, and not as enthusiastic about things.

Jan: Not as enthusiastic, or not at all enthusiastic?

Elly: What do you think changed you?

Jan: The shock of Dick's death.

Elly: Oh. Well, if you know what changed you, you know that you have changed.

Jan: Yes, I realize now that I have. Is that good or bad?

Elly: It's good. If a person is so drunk that he's sick, he'll get better much faster if he admits he's sick, than if he keeps persisting he isn't.

Jan: I think in a way I've been drunk. I didn't know what was going on around me. I think I'm finally sobering up. Have you been disgusted with me, Elly?

Elly: Of course not.

Jan: Elly, have I been in a shell? Have I been unfriendly toward people?

Elly: You *have* been hard to reach. People don't know the real you Jan. You say that people don't like you. They don't know the real you. Even when you talk to people, you speak very little, or only in a few one-syllable words.

Jan: Have I talked to you that way?

Elly: No. We've always been friends. You've always talked to me farknly. Maybe you only continue from force of habit.

Jan: Then I have been in a shell?

Elly: Yes.

Jan: Have I been selfish and egotistical?

Elly: Well — why all the questions?

Jan: Never mind. Just answer them . . . truthfully.

Elly: Well, at times you have been.

Jan: I haven't realized it. Could you give me an example?

Elly: Well, you wouldn't accept any help from your parents. They tried to help you, but you wouldn't let them. You practically cut them out of your life. On the other hand, you took all the help that Bev and I and all the others gave you without trying to help yourself at all.

Jan: In other words, I took everything, but didn't give anything.

Elly: Not exactly.

Jan: Yes, quite exactly. I realize it now. I've been very ungrateful—especially to you.

Elly: I've understood, Jan.

Jan: I think that's the trouble. If you had sat down and yelled at me the way Bev did, I might have awakened some time ago. She finally got disgusted with me. I'm glad she did. It started me thinking.

Elly: Is that why you asked all the questions?

Jan: Yes. You want me to take

the job with City Oil, don't you?

Elly: I only want what's best for you. I think that job is the best thing for you.

Jan: Bev said that Dick wouldn't like me the way I am now. She's right. I don't like myself that way either. I'm not going to be that way anymore. I'm not going to turn into another Rosemary.

Elly: Rosemary's just mixed up the way you are.

Jan: The way I *was*! If Mr. Sloan wants to know where I am, tell him that I decided to take the afternoon off.

Elly: But he said that he wasn't going to give you any more time off, that he'd already given you too much

Jan: Then tell him I don't care. I know where I can get a much better job.

Elly: Jan!

Jan: Do you want to know what Bev said that affected me so?

Elly: I already know.

Jan: But you told me that she

didn't tell you what she said.

Elly: She didn't, but I know.

Jan: How?

Elly: Because two years ago, I said the same things to her. (Starts for door) By the way, where are you going?

Jan: To a wedding! (Elly walks out. Jan gets her things together, walks to the door. She takes a last look at the room, and then walks back to her desk. She takes the sign saying "Jan Stevens" off the desk, throws it in the wastebasket, and walks out the door.)

The End

Sociology Prof.: So you think you could end all unemployment, do you? And how, if I may be so bold as to inquire?

Student: Why I'd put all the men on one island and all the women on another.

Prof: And what would they be doing then?

Student: Building boats.

DENNISE THE MENACE



The Anatomy of Genius

By SUE QUELCH

It has come to our attention, through statistics in a recent periodical, that the number of geniuses in this world is growing. This could be due to any number of reasons, most of them being the increase in people in this world. The editors of this magazine feel it our responsibility to inform our public on the habits of these geniuses. This may prepare them for any sudden encounter with a genius and inform them as to their care and handling. First, a brief description of the genus, genius.

They are recognized mainly by their superior intelligence. (This may or may not be characterized by a large head.) A genius often stands out in a crowd because of his appearance. He is sometimes addicted to over-size clothes and long, matted hair. Some geniuses openly admit their superiority, while others who are more canny, wait slyly for you to find them out. All are extremely temperamental and delight in throwing things such as books, tantrums, and baby grand pianos. The normal, average mortal, however, must beware of imitations. An imitation genius may be spotted easily. He will profess an understanding of one or all of the following: T. S. Eliot, the Sixth Dimension, and Cubism. At this admission you have found him out.

Next, a brief summary of the habits and idiosyncrasies of the true genius.

These rare specimens have their habitats in all parts of the world. They live in cities, towns, on campuses, mountains, in caves, and a few are found under rocks.

They come in several sizes: long, short, round, narrow, and combinations of these.

Their activities are various. They create, compose, invent, design, think, and study. Some, but not all, eat and sleep.

Most geniuses are subject to a unique sort of fit. The symptoms are as follows:

1. The subject has an alert, rapt expression. He may stare into space. His brow is furrowed and he is oblivious to outside stimuli. In this stage he may be dangerous and should not be disturbed at any cost.

2. This stage is characterized by violent activity. For example: A literary genius of my acquaintance grabs for paper and pen or typewriter, writes frantically for a few minutes, then crumples the paper, utters an oath and sinks down exhausted.

3. The last stage is a slow return to normalcy. After the attack he may or may not be dangerous. This depends on the success of his efforts. Tact and caution are advised when handling the genius in this state. These fits may occur at any time. In the case of campus geniuses, with which I am particularly familiar, the fit usually occurs after lights-out while his roommate, an ordinary mortal, is making up sleep lost during the last attack.

There are generally three kinds of geniuses:

1. The famous genius who is recognized and tolerated by society.

2. The frustrated genius who is not. (These geniuses are among those who don't eat or sleep. However, some become rational and teach in colleges and universities.)

3. The up-and-coming genius. This type has not yet achieved fame nor become rational. These may be found anywhere and must be handled with particular caution, if at all.

So there you have it . . . although most of us get along rather well without it.

Hostess (to a little boy at a party):
"Why don't you eat your jello?"

Little boy (watching jello closely): "It's not dead yet."

Man in barber's chair . . . Your dog likes to watch you cut hair, doesn't he?

Barber. . . It ain't that. Sometimes I snip off a bit of ear.

The one who thinks our jokes are poor
Would straightaway change his views

Could he compare the jokes we print
With those we could not use.

An ashtray is something to put cigarettes in if the room hasn't got a floor.

Reformer: "And further more, hell is just filled with cocktails, roulette wheels, and naughty chorus girls."

Collegiate voice from the rear:
"Oh, death, where is thy sting?"

A young theologian named Fiddle
Refused to accept his degree.
For, said he, it's enough to be Fiddle
Without being Fiddle, D.D.

THE CALLING

By JUDY POOLE

Restless waves rode in from the sea, wearing great white hats of foam. Sea gulls swooped and soared, calling insults to each other in their loud, shrill voices, and the solitary figure of a man stood watching from the hill. The man's name was Peter and he came from France. Every morning just as the sun pushed aside the last pale fingers of dawn, Peter came to the hill to watch and wait. The people of Cape Cod, natives and transients alike, wondered at first about this strange young Frenchman with his dark, searching eyes and quiet manner, but they soon went about their worldly, bustling ways and left him to his solitude. If they ever thought of him again it was only with the fleeting curiosity of any small village, and Peter was quickly dismissed as "one of those crazy, foreign fellows."

One day, as he stood on the hill, Peter felt a strange sense of peace. The sun was smiling softly at the sea and even the gulls had stopped their harsh screaming to perch contentedly on the small pieces of driftwood which dotted the waters of the small cove like schools of fat, lazy fish in a tank. "Today is a special day," Peter was thinking, and even as the thought brushed across his mind he heard soft footsteps behind him. He turned slowly. A young girl of perhaps sixteen years was determinedly pushing her way through the thick, green marsh grass that grew so abundantly along the slopes of the shore.

She looked up swiftly and for a moment seemed about to run. Then she shifted the heavy man's jacket she carried to her right arm and came slowly toward him. Her thin, black hair was plaited into two long, neat braids which hung across her breast like heavy ropes of fisherman's twine. Peter thought he had never seen such eyes. They seemed to glow as though

a kind, good heart looked upon the world.

She came within a few feet of Peter and suddenly her whole face lit up in a lovely smile. Then, apparently satisfied, she looked out over the little harbor to the sea beyond.

Peter longed to ask this strange girl where she had come from and what her name was, but somehow he, too, was satisfied to stand quietly besides her and drink in the beautiful early morning. They stood there without saying a word and watched the sea together. Finally she turned and said softly, "I will come again tomorrow." With that, she walked quickly down the hill to the tiny village, leaving Peter to wonder at the strangeness of their meeting.

Every morning after that Peter and the girl watched together from the hill. Sometimes they spoke, but it was always of the gulls or the sea and never of themselves. One morning she told him her name and Peter thought it was the most beautiful name in the world. From that time on they talked more often, but they scarcely listened to each other's words and thought only of the beauty of their voices in the first light of day. Peter knew that he had come to love the girl as he loved one other thing and he felt guilty and confused. Day after day he hesitated to tell her of himself, though he knew that soon he would have to leave her. She seemed to sense something, for her large candid eyes would look at him often, asking the question that never came to her lips; yet Peter could not speak.

Time passed swiftly until he knew that he could no longer quiet the voice in his heart that called him away. They were standing as usual on the hill, watching the sea, when Peter told her he could come no more. A small, choked sob escaped the girl and she looked at him with helpless misery.

She watched him as he went slowly down the hill, the sun shining on his dark, bent head and suddenly, joyously, she knew. Even before he reached the tiny chapel of Saint Mary, the girl knew.

Then there was the man who appeared in a newspaper office to place an ad offering \$500 for the return of his wife's pet cat.

"That's an awful price for a cat," commented the clerk.

"Not this one," the man snapped. "I drowned it."

A young boy asked his father, "Did your dad spank you when you were a little boy?"

"That he did, Son."

"And did his father before him spank him, too?"

"Yes, Son, he did."

The boy was reflective, "You know, Dad, with your co-operation, we could end this inherited rowdyism."

Two men were working on the White House lawn, each supplied with a small push cart upon which was a garbage can. They walked about picking up papers with a long spear. One spied a piece of paper and starting for it, when suddenly a gust of wind came up and blew the paper into the White House through an open window.

The man became frantic and rushed into the building. He returned shortly and said: "I was too late. He had already signed it."

A golfing clergyman had been badly beaten on the links by a parishioner thirty years his senior.

"Cheer up," said his opponent. "Remember, you win in the finish. You'll be burying me some day."

"Even then," grumbled the preacher, "it will still be your hole."

SELECTED

Remark

By JEAN ARMSTRONG

Remark that stern prosaic wit
Has whittled down into unseasonable discourse
Little bits of ambiguity
That used to know their place.

Coherence veiled
Where judgment once stood posed
At two extremes.

Yes, remark
Then deafen opposition to the vogue with
Invocation of the yawn. . .
Leading neb to nebulous.

And judgment . . . withhold.

Cover

By SIGRID WEEKS

Leaves are falling ever downward
twirling,
swirling,
falling to a nest of dirt,
warm and
moist.
Colors fading,
evening shading,
green grass is covered brown.

Snow is falling ever downward
twirling,
swirling,
falling to a nest of leaves,
hard and
dry.
Colors fading,
evening shading,
brown leaves are covered white.

Chaika

By PAMELA ROBERTS

Over the horizon, out of the dark,
The blazing sun leaped up.
It brought to coolness shades of warmth,
And light to see again
After night had hidden all
The paths I used to know.

The dawn brought back a challenge
That the demons had choked out.
The morning lit a smiling world
To share my happiness.

Then afternoon, a shadow long,
Crept to our place of peace.
It hovered and haunted,
Grew deeper and darker, and
With a sudden grasp it hauled
The lingering sun back down.

The twilight sat suspended
With no motion and no breath
And left me in the evening
With a doubt, and loneliness.

Creation

By JEAN ARMSTRONG

Creation was the game of God
When He sat down to meditate.
But on the seventh day He slept
And Man ran by to confiscate
The apple and the plan.

POETRY

And For Posterity

By JEAN ARMSTRONG

Yet will some god lift up his head.
Yet will some heathen brethren
Fast in piety for wheat to feed the god. . .
And with the western star return the gaze
Of those who know him well. . .
Looking back on sacrifice too similar.

The world will see itself again
When boomerangs are thrown
In infinite dimensions and at cycles
Not yet broken.

The Image

By JEAN ARMSTRONG

Resignation and Reality: The Image.
And genius constitutes the part of Everyman
Who. . . before he was aware
Of the flat footed psychology. . .
Dealt and bid the third ingredient,
Dissolving to resolve solution.

Initiate from whim.
Then balance the lines
That cross . . . upsetting parallels forever.
 or other lines
Across whose face the children dare not step
And wager lose to some grim disadvantage.

For those
Who lose the throw
There remains . . . game done . . . no gamble
Nor
Instigation AND reflection
Of themselves. . .
Creatures standing naked
Surrounded by full length mirrors.

Here We Are

By SALLY LABOON

Here we are, you see,
All of us tucked safely on the edge
And no one else can find the way
Except another

Just alike.

Ah, now they are.
Once around for them,
And twice
For two the same.

Winter

By SALLY LABOON

A brittle silence
Enveloped
The desolate forest.
A sharp gust of wind
Sent the dried skeletons
Of leaves
Into the cold air,
And then died.
All motion
Was suspended,
As the earth lay. . .
Waiting.
Then a single
White snowflake
Drifted slowly
Between
The shivering trees
To the frozen ground,
To be followed
Swiftly
By others.
The enveloping mantle
Of Winter
Fell
Silently. . .

A Cool Tale

The story you are about to read is true . . . only the page should be turned to protect the author.

Once upon a time, in the land of Boop-oop-e-do, there lived a brother and sister team named, of all things, Hansel and Gretel. While they never did quite make star billing at the Palace, they were a pretty cool duet. Hansel was a smooth character who played a mean trumpet with a sharp ear for a B-flat tone. Man, you should have heard him slide those minor keys! As for Gretel, well, I've heard it mumbled around that she really could dig that tempo. Mostly, though, she was real gone on a slow, cool off-beat. "Throw me an alto sax," Gretel used to say, "and let's get this party started!"

Now at the time of this story Hansel and Gretel were living with their father, an old relic of vaudeville days, and their step-mother, a gold-digging dame who had married Pop in his heyday. Step-Mother, a real square from way back, was always giving both Pop and the kids a hard time. Pop, poor guy, spent his days looking over ancient press notices. Times were hard for the old has-been and his family. Every day their mean step-mother sent Hansel and Gretel out into the cold cruel world to pick up a few scheckels. So they walked the streets and made the rounds of the casting offices, Hansel dressed in his last remaining pair of pegged pants, and Gretel in a patched-up job that was pretty far from the latest rag a la Paris. On the way home, hungry and disappointed, Gretel would comfort Hansel and tell him that he played a pretty hot trumpet, in spite of what the agents said. Here and there they made a few pennies, but on the whole, life was pretty rough.

One evening, after Hansel and Gretel had dragged themselves home,

Step-Mother fed them a few morsels, and then called the whole family in for a session. Pop was busy fixing up his scrapbook (vintage 1927), and was strictly out of it, as usual. Step-Mother ran her fingers through her bleached blond hair, fluttered her false eyelashes once or twice, and lit up a cigarette.

"Kids," said she, "here's the bit. Leave us face it."

"Oh-oh," thought Gretel, "this babe has got to go."

"What's the matter?" said Hansel, looking first at his step-mother and then back to the battered trumpet he was shining with the end of the tablecloth.

"The rent," said Step-Mother through a cloud of smoke, "it ain't been paid in two months."

Hansel looked at her. Gretel looked at her. Even Pop, putting down his scissors, looked at her.

What happened to the dough we got for playing Christmas Carols with the Salvation Army?" asked Gretel desperately.

"That's my business," Step-Mother squinted one faded blue eye in the general direction of where Pop was sitting. "We gotta take care of him, don't we? We gotta keep the lazy old bum in scissors and Scotch tape."

Gretel sprang up. "Nobody beats their gums that way about my pop!" she cried.

"Yeah," said Step-Mother. "So get excited . . . so what? That still don't pay the rent."

"I'll pay the rent!" yelled Hansel courageously. "Come on, Gretel," he called, starting for the door. "Grab your hat and let's get with it!"

"I dig you, brother, I dig you," said Gretel, running after him.

"Hah, hah, hah," laughed Step-Mother, after they had gone. They'll never find their way back here so

late at night. Then I can take a fast powder and head for the big time myself!"

Hansel and Gretel walked on and on, far into the night. Each time they took a few steps they would drop a torn piece of sheet music, in order to be able to find their way home again. Finally, after all the night-spots had closed, the kids decided to turn homeward and grab some shut-eye. After all, tomorrow was another day, and anyway, they don't serve eviction notices on Saturday.

"Hey, Gretel," said Hansel, looking vainly at the ground, "where's that crazy trail?"

"Darned if I know," answered Gretel, "it was here when I left."

Just then this real cool character came running up the street, stuffing bits of paper into his pockets. "Dig this crazy music" he yelled, "a Stan Kenton original, worth about 500 bucks!"

Before Hansel and Gretel had a chance to claim the music, the guy disappeared around the corner. Glumly, the kids sat down on the nearest curb.

"We would have had enough to pay the rent," said Gretel sadly.

"Yeah, with enough left over to get an autographed picture of Symphony Sid," Hansel sighed. "And maybe some food," he added, "my stomach sounds like a Johnny Ray recording of *Cry*. But go to sleep now, Gretel, everything will look better in the morning."

"O. K.," Gretel yawned, "only don't play Reveille in my ear with that horn!"

Early the next morning, Gretel awoke to find Hansel staring amazedly at a very small house across the street. "Dig that crazy cottage, sis!" he said excitedly. "What do you suppose it is?"

For Crazy Cats

By HETTIE COHEN

"Could be I'm punchy," said Gretel, prying her eyes open, "but I'll bet my last Louis Armstrong disc that it's a booking office!"

They ran quickly to the house and peered at the sign over the door.

SOLOS, DUETS, INSTRUMENTALS BOOKED — I. WITCHEM, PROPRIETRESS.

"I'm with you," said Gretel to her brother as he rang the doorbell.

The door was opened presently by a little, wrinkled, old woman, who greeted them with a broad, toothless smile, and ushered them into an office.

"Hey, cats," said she, in a high crackling voice, "gimme some skin."

Hansel shook the bony hand and said bravely, "We're here for a job. Got anything open?"

"What d'ya do?" asked the old woman, leering at them with her small beady eyes.

"My brother Hansel, here, plays the hottest trumpet in town, declared Gretel, and then added modestly: "I'm pretty cool with an alto sax, myself."

The old lady leafed through the pile of papers on her desk. "Ah, ha!" she cackled, here's just the thing. They're looking for a couple of horns down in this joint in Redwich Village."

"Did you dig that, Gretel?" cried Hansel.

"I read you, I read you," said Gretel, "when do we start?"

The old woman smiled craftily. "First your audition, and then, if you're O. K., you sign a contract."

"Well, let's get with it," said Hansel impatiently.

"Just take it slow and easy, sonny," called the old woman, as she disappeared into the next room. She reappeared presently and beckoned to Hansel with one gnarled, crooked

finger. Gretel was told to wait for a while.

Hansel followed the old woman down a long corridor, on either side of which were many small rooms. "Crazy!" thought he to himself, but kept on going, until finally they pulled up at an open door.

"Just climb in here, sonny," said the old lady, "and give out with a couple of cool bars of the St. Louis Blues."

Hansel did as he was told, but just as he raised the horn to his lips . . . BANG! The door slammed shut and was locked from the outside.

"Now I've got you," came the cackling voice, "keep blowing, kid, and you'll get fed three times a day!"

"What is it with this dame?" thought Hansel as he thrilled down a B-flat.

Meanwhile, Gretel paced the floor of the office, growing more and more suspicious. When the old woman came back to lead her to the audition rooms, Gretel decided to play it cool. When they arrived at the room into which Gretel was supposed to go, the old woman motioned her inside with a wave of her bony hand.

"How do you work that mike in there?" asked Gretel cagily. "Why don't you climb in and show me how?"

I. Witchem snarled angrily and started into the little room. Just as she was halfway inside Gretel grabbed the door quickly and swung it shut.

"Something ain't quite cool," she hollered in, "you just sit tight and I'll spin you some platters while I look for my brother!"

"All right ma'm, just put up your hands, ma'm."

Gretel whirled around. "Why, dig that crazy firearm," said she. "And who are you?"

"Saint Stan's the name, ma'm,

after Stan the Man Kenton, St. Stan of Homicide. Got orders to pick up an old lady running a phony booking office."

"Man, do I dig you!" said Gretel with relief. "What are you gonna pick her upon?"

"Gonna pull her in on an 802, ma'm."

"An 802? What's an 802?"

"Promising cats a cool job, then locking 'em up and cutting illegal platters out of season."

"Copper, you are real gone, said Gretel. If you'll just dig my directions, I'll lead you to the old lady herself."

And so Gretel, humming a chorus of "Stardust", led St. Stan to the old witch. In due time she was hauled in and convicted under Section 802 of the Musician's Code, cutting illegal, non-unionized platters out of season. This offense is punishable.

Hansel and Gretel left the phony booking office feeling much better, but still in the red. They were walking slowly down the street when suddenly Hansel shouted: "Hey, sister, will you dig that crr-aa-zy billboard!"

Gretel turned, and there, big as life, was a picture of Pop.

"Star billing at the Palace!" gasped Gretel, as they ran for the stage entrance.

"Pop," yelled Hansel, "you've made the big time again!"

"I dig ya', son," said Pop, "now gimme some skin."

Father, reproving his son and heir for his table manners:

"I'm afraid you're a little pig, Junior. Do you know what a pig is?"

"Yes, daddy," said Junior. "It's a hog's little boy."

SWIM, BUDDY, SWIM

By MARY NEATE

It was a hot July day and everyone was seeking relief from the heat. The old people rocked on their front porches, quietly fanning themselves, while the young ones jubilantly flocked toward the country picnic grounds and swimming holes.

Buddy shuffled along the Macadam road. His bathing suit and towel, bound by a leather strap, hung limply at his side. The people in each passing car glanced at the doleful figure and sped on their way. Buddy's thoughts were with each speeding car. "I mighta been in one going on a picnic if Dad hadn't 'a made me go train today. He says I should want to though, 'cause how many other boys get to go swimming free very day of their lives—winter and summer."

Buddy paused to kick a stone and said, "But I'm not another boy an' I don't want to train. I wanta play football an' stuff. Coach Warnam says I can't do that though, 'cause I might tighten my swimming muscles or hurt myself and then I couldn't swim."

As he approached the high mesh fence of the pool, his steps quickened. He was already late for practice and didn't want to get in trouble with his trainer. Coach Warnam met Buddy at the gate and informed him of the meet the following Saturday. As he discussed the schedule of events with the boy, he shoved his hands up and down in the pockets of his khaki trousers.

Even though the coach was in his late thirties, he still retained something of the appearance he had once had as one of the best swimmers in the country. He commanded respect in all athletic circles.

"You enter the 100 Free for boys. You ought to do pretty well in that, if your time's as good as it's been in practice. It will improve with the competition. Also, the 50 yard back

is a swell one for you."

Buddy looked at Coach Warnam and murmured, "Okay, Coach."

The trainer-manager of the Wayneshood Swimming Team looked at Buddy Merson in a puzzled way and asked, "What's the matter, boy? Life getting you down? Stand up and give her a kick in the teeth."

"No, no. Heck, I'm fine," was the immediate defensive reply. After saying this Buddy raised his head just enough to move a thatch of sandy hair from his forehead. Again he stared at the ground.

After work, his dad came to the pool, as he did every day, to watch his son's progress. This afternoon he arrived at the edge of the pool as Coach Warnam was timing Buddy for the second time. As the boy swam past, Mr. Merson yelled, "Swim, Buddy, Swim!" The man's heart was in every stroke the boy took. Dreams of what he might have been flooded his thoughts.

Dad's practice of standing by the pool and yelling had been in the most part responsible for his son's feeling of not belonging. Buddy wanted to be part of the team, not just a member.

That evening on the way home Buddy sat sullenly in the car beside his father. As usual, Dad was hashing over the events of that day's training period and the swimming meet to follow on Saturday. The boy was too absorbed in his own thoughts to hear what his dad was saying. He knew it by heart, anyway.

"Buddy, Coach Warnam says you're still not driving with your left arm. You have to push-drive with it. When that's straightened out your time will improve. We can work that out Sunday."

The last remark penetrated the haze around Buddy's thoughts, and he awoke with a start. "Sunday? Gee, Dad, you said we would go on

a picnic then. I don't want to train. I don't want to improve my time."

Buddy finished by saying something he had never dared to say before. "And I'm not going to swim, not even Saturday. If I can't be part of the team like the other boys, I won't be on it at all."

The rest of the way home that night was even more unpleasant than Buddy had dreamed it could be. Yet he was content in a way—he'd told his father just the way he felt.

Buddy again withdrew into the world of his dreams. Fragments of Dad's lecture registered on his thoughts. "Hell, Bud, you think you're being mistreated and here I'm doing my darndest to give you the things I never had. Too much, that's your trouble, too much. So you're not going to swim Saturday? What are you gonna do? Play football? I suppose."

Buddy had said nothing during his father's tirade. Some of his original fortitude had been shaken, but he still held his ground. Dad neither waited for nor expected an answer. He was still firing with both barrels when they reached the house.

Supper that night was a nightmare. There was none of the usual conversation. Everyone, even his little sister Reice, ate in complete silence. Buddy picked at his food without eating much and asked to be excused early. The only reply came from his mother. "Eat your supper, Bud." Buddy slumped back into his chair and started picking at his food once more.

Each succeeding day Buddy moped around the house, trying to avoid his father whenever possible. Friday afternoon he was unable to elude him any longer. The conversation between the two amounted to only one sentence, because Buddy gave no reply to his father's statement. "Get your things together. We leave for

the swimming meet early tomorrow morning."

At dawn the next day Buddy was already dressed in clean but faded dungarees. His gray windbreaker hung over his shoulder and clasped under his arm was a khaki colored canvas bag stuffed with food and clothing. He shoved an old billfold containing sixty three cents in his hip pocket and was ready to leave. He was going to live with his grandmother and cousin in Texas.

When the rest of the family awoke that Saturday morning, Mom sent Reice to wake Bud as she did every day. The child bellowed from the top of the stairs. "Hes' not here Mommy. He's gone, an' didn't even make 'is bed."

Bud's mother became a little worried after she heard the child's report but dispelled her fears somewhat by saying, "Oh, I guess he got up early to play some before he leaves for the races." However, when the boy had not returned by noon, fear came creeping back and by six o'clock that evening the whole family was worried.

Dad was stamping around the house, attempting to hide his concern. "That boy knows better than to stay out this way without telling us where he is. The meet's over by this time. He could have come home but he's afraid to. Its past supper-time now and I'm hungry.

"Oh, Bud, how can you think of food now, when your own son is missing?" Mom reprimanded her husband. At seven o'clock that night Dad admitted a little concern and called the police. A search was organized and calls were sent to all of the surrounding area.

Buddy had reached Claterstown, fifteen miles away by nightfall, tired and hungry. Few cars had stopped that day to give the forlorn, dusty boy a ride. They were too concerned with their own affairs to give more than a glance at Buddy. He spent that night in the woods on the outskirts of town.

This was the first time Buddy had ever spent the night away from the comforts of home. The sounds of

the night were magnified — even the rustling of the wind alarmed him, and occasionally a strange sound aroused his fear. The hours passed slowly and when the sun rose, Buddy still had not slept.

At dawn he ate his last sandwich and set out again. He was forced to stop for food that morning at a little country store along the highway. He purchased a loaf of "day old bread", which was probably closer to three days old, some jam and a Smash candy bar.

That day's travel was slower; Buddy took more frequent rests and tried to conserve his food. He made camp that night in a hay barn. There was a cosy warmth and smell about the hay, and Buddy soon sank into a sound, refreshing sleep.

When he awoke Monday morning, the rising sun was shining on the hay in a cheery greeting. This kind of life was sort of nice after all. Nobody to tell him what to do or when to do it. It was peaceful shuffling along the dusty roads, watching the world wake up. No real worries were apparent to the boy. He could always earn his meal by chopping wood at houses along the way. Buddy had learned the song of the open road quickly.

He realized that the police would be searching for him, so he traveled along the side roads. He didn't see the police car come up behind him that afternoon until it was too late. When the car stopped, two men climbed out and started to questioning him. After the boy admitted his name and his destination, the police drove him to a station in a nearby town. There his name and description were sent over the teletype to identify him positively as the missing boy.

When this was done, Buddy was put in a squad car headed for his house. He was glad to be going home, yet he dreaded meeting his father. The trip seemed short. When they neared the yard, Buddy noticed a man playing ball with a little girl. The elderly man looked like his father and the child like his sister, but to Bud this man was a stranger. It

wasn't hard to picture him as a boy, because he still seemed to possess a love of fun. Yet this happy man was his Dad, and he was playing with a shiny new football.

When Dad noticed the police car, he hid the ball beside the steps and strolled in a deliberate, nonchalant manner toward the house. When the car stopped, Buddy climbed out. He stood for a few seconds looking at his dad. Then they started walking towards each other. The two stopped a few feet apart and gazed at one another. Each seemed to be searching for something. Then, as if in mutual satisfaction, man and boy shook hands.

Dad saw Buddy no longer as a child but as a growing young man. They thanked the police and the squad car drew out into the street and headed back to the station.

Dad produced a football from the step corner. Bud's face glowed with delight as he said, "Gee, thanks, Pop!"

Mr. Merson blinked back a tear and answered, "Thank you, son."

That afternoon Dad stole occasional glances at the football game on the lot. He saw his boy carry the shiny football for a touchdown. The man turned from the window to his wife and said, "That's my son!"

A man rode side-saddle into a tavern and ordered a whisky sour for his pony. The barkeep brought the order and horse drank it down. The man ordered another, which the horse drank; and then a third, and a fourth.

The astonished tap tender managed to ask, "wouldn't you like something for yourself?"

"No thanks," came the reply, "I'm driving."

"I shall put you fellows in this room," said the host. "You'll find it comfortable, for it has a feather bed."

At two o'clock in the morning one of the guests awoke his companion.

"Change places with me, Charlie," he groaned, "it's my time to be on the feather."

Loadstone

(Continued from Page 3)

where the oranges and grapefruit, persimmons and lemons grew, and the long pine row whispered the seasons away. The collie out-distanced her easily and she stopped, panting, at the grove. The dusk was nearly gone now. Swallows and leatherwings cut the air with swift arcs and the shrill jet sound of their wings echoed about. Iris picked up a stone as she started home and felt its smooth curves against her fingers. When she reached her own yard she hurled it with all her might, squinting so that it faded before her eyes into the sky. A half block away there was the dry sound of a stone hitting the head of a scrub palm and slipping into the underbrush. But Iris didn't hear it. She'd aimed at a spot of blue sky overhead and anyone knows that a stone thrown into the sky doesn't come down to earth again with a dry sound in the head of a scrub palm.

There should have been a light in the kitchen. But there was only the light by the radio, the dining room table with the dishes still on it and the napkins thrown up by them. No one was about. They'd be putting sacks over the tomatoes so the frost wouldn't get them in the night. If the sacks happened to touch the plants it'd hold the frost in and they'd be bloody green and wilted in the morning. Or maybe the pullets had got the sore head. Iris rushed from the empty house out behind the garage where the garden was. Her Mom was standing by the pullet pen with no jacket on. Her elbows were propped up on the roof of the little house and there was already a circle of red on them where the chap would set in. The heels were run over on the old shoes and a pucker of patch showed on the print dress that was too shortwaisted and hiked up in the front. Iris frowned and thought of the black patent leather Mary Janes and clean linoleum for a splinter of a second. Then she saw how her shoulders were shaking and when she spoke her voice shook too.

"If I'd known about your Dad's mother I don't know if I'd ever have married him."

Iris thought that all the time she had been running with the collie there had been this.

"... But I got twenty-one tours today, Mother," she cried.

"If it weren't for you kids..." Her mother spoke to no one.

Iris felt some delicate balance unloosen and there was no balance at all. If Number 19 didn't come at six then it would come at seven. If the embroidered shopping bags went by, then Iris thought that she was big enough for the whole seat. She heard her mother's choked sobs again. She wished it were the same as when she'd had a licking with the oleander switch.

"Tomorrow I'll do twenty-five tours...!"

At the same time she heard the dry sound of a stone hit the head of a scrub palm and slip into the underbrush.

During a grouse hunt one sportsman was shooting at a clump of trees near a stone wall. Suddenly an angry face popped over the top of the wall.

"Curse you, you almost hit my wife!"

"Did I?" cried the man aghast. "I'm terribly sorry—have a shot at mine over there."

"Madam," said the kennel owner to the uppity sportswoman, "I offer you this pedigreed bloodhound."

"How do I know it's a bloodhound?" she asked doubtfully.

"Hector," the owner ordered the dog, "bleed for the lady."

A man in an insane asylum sat fishing over a flower bed. A visitor approached and, wishing to be friendly, asked, "How many have you caught today?"

"You're the ninth," was the reply.

"Robert Burns wrote 'To a Field Mouse'."

"Did he get an answer?"



CASE OF THE SNIFFLING SOUTHERN BELLE

By ELIZABETH HESS

Take heed, ye hardy Norseman,
I've got a tale to tell,
Of the trickery and foul deceit
Of one you love so well.

You saw her first in sunny South,
Your heart did swell with adoration,
Be sure, dear lad, she saw you first
And fast began the preparation.

She thrust her kleenex in her purse,
Suppressed her hacking cough,
Burst forth with healthy, radiant smile
(First casting coat and mittens off.)

And so fair maiden beat her breast,
Inhaled a gust of air, and said,
"I yearn for Nordic clime,
For I do thrive so there."

She loudly did protest the heat,
Feigned she would faint away,
If he did not soon transport her
To frigid Nor-o-way.

'Twas but a dirty lie, my dear,
For if the truth be told,
When e're the arctic wind doth blow,
She comes down with a-cold!

Her friends despair, for when apart,
They can ne'er recall her face,
For in the place of eyes and nose,
A kleenex predominates.

So take her to the Southern Seas,
Bask with her in the sun!
For when e're you approach solemn Sweden's shores,
Fair lady's charm is done.

FRESHMEN



AS SEEN BY SENIORS

SENIORS



AS SEEN BY FRESHMEN

S A N D P I T

By PAMELA GLUCK

"Hey you dumb kid, get outta there!" He scrambled out of the sand pit, shaking the dust from his eyes, a slight youngster with sandy hair and a skin so white as to be almost translucent. The man standing above him gazed down at him then shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

The boy stood a moment at the edge of the pit, watching the slow sand trickle down to its sides. Occasionally a larger chunk would give and slide sluggishly to the bottom.

He kicked a bit more dirt and sand down the hole and walked away toward the gap in the fence where he had come in. Across the street was the roadway, pitted and sunken, and on the other side was the warped, rickety frame house where he lived. In the yard he could see his mother, immensely fat, with listless hair, and wearing a cotton dress bleached white from innumerable washings.

He could barely remember his father, and what he could remember was very dim. He had been only six when his father died—a strange man, addicted to drink and frequent indistinct mutterings about foreign places and distant scenes. He had left the boy one thing — a small, curiously carved elephant made of a shiny, dark grey stone. It had become a symbol to the boy of all the things he would like to know about, and that to him seemed so unattainable.

His mother told him that the thing was worthless, but the boy would not part with it. She had put some cheap china knicknacks in his room, and among them the elephant looked delicate and beautiful.

He sneaked across the road and into the house to look at his elephant. In his room he lifted it carefully off the shelf and held it in his two hands, preciously, like a drop of dew. It felt cool and smooth to his touch, and he smoothed its sides with his fingers.

He carried it across the street and back to the sand pit where he had been playing. The elephant looked real in the fine patches of sand, especially if he got down on his

stomach and brought the elephant on a level with his eyes.

He made a dirt corral and several roads for it to walk on. Now and then he would pick the small carving up and fondle it in an ecstasy of affection.

He was so engrossed he did not hear the footsteps behind him. He turned to see his corral obliterated and his elephant disappear over the edge of the pit. He flung himself wildly after it, and clutching it in his hand, rolled to the bottom and lay there sobbing and gasping. He stared up at the huge man above him.

"What do you keep messin' around for, you lazy little brat?" I wish to God I could get some work out of you! Get back up here and get to work!"

The boy climbed warily out of the pit and trudged wearily over to the pile of bricks he was supposed to be stacking and sorting for the wage of fifteen cents a day.

He began to stack the hot, rough bricks.

The man stood behind him, watching. He noticed the elephant the boy had placed on a small stack of bricks in front of him. "Lemme see the toy, kid—looks kinda unusual," he said.

The boy felt a moment of helpless panic. He snatched up the elephant and turned around. He knew he could not stand to see his elephant touched by the man he hated most in the whole world. "No!" He said.

The big man suddenly lost his temper, grabbed the boy, and snatched the elephant from his grasp. He threw it down upon a pile of bricks, and with a heavy, hobnailed boot, ground it to pieces.

The boy gasped once, then turned back to the brickpile, his hands shaking and his red hair flaming in the pitiless sun. When his mother called him to dinner he did not answer.

Doctor: Plenty of exercise will kill almost all germs.

Patient: I know, but how can I get them to exercise?

THE EPAULET

A well known zoology professor was unwrapping a parcel before his class which, he explained to his pupils, was a fine specimen of a dissected frog. Upon disclosing two sandwiches, a hard-boiled egg and a banana, he was very surprised and exclaimed, "But surely I ate my lunch."

Professor: This exam will be conducted on the honor system. Please take seats three spaces apart, alternate rows.

The great big beautiful car drove up to the curb where the cute little working girl was waiting for the bus. A gentleman stuck his neck out and said, "Hello. I'm driving west."

"How wonderful," said the girl, "bring me back an orange."

"They say that girls are minors until they are eighteen; then they are gold diggers."

Nothing is easier in America than to attend college, and nothing is harder than to get educated.

A bustle is like a historical romance—both are fictitious tales based on stern reality.

"I'm telling you for the last time you can't kiss me!"

"I knew you'd weaken."

"Writing home?"

"Yeah."

"Mind making a carbon copy?"

Mrs. Jones and the Deacon were at the races. The horses were at the post when Mrs. Jones felt something slipping at her knees and she asked the Deacon for a safety pin. Just then Clem McCathy, the announcer, said: "They're off," and Mrs. Jones fainted.

Sympathy: What one girl offers another in exchange for details.

He who laughs last has found a meaning the censors missed.

"Hey, you guys, where are you carrying that fellow? Is he drunk?"

"Nope."

"Sick?"

"Nope."

"Just a gag?"

"Nope."

"Well, what is the matter with him?"

"Dead."

The doctor came out of the room and spoke to the anxious wife.

"Frankly," he said, "I don't like the way your husband looks at all."

"Well," replied the wife, "neither do I, but he's nice to the kids."

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